AN EPISTLE TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS *FREDERICK*, PRINCE of *WALES*.

By HENRY STEPHENS, of *Merton*-College in *Oxford*.

LONDON:

Printed for N. BLANDFORD, at the *London-Gazette*, *Charing-Cross*. MDCC XXIX. (Price 6 *d*.)

15X66.66E*
15E61.9/1.19

Harvard College Library
Sept. 30, 1911.
Gift of
Alexander Cochrane
of Boston

AN

EPISTLE

To HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS

FREDERICK,

PRINCE of *WALES.*

YOUNG Heroe, whose fair Virtues early rise,
Gilding with Noon-day Beams their Morning Skies!
You, their Delight, contending Parties boast,
With Love transported, and in Wonder lost;

With ſure Preſage Your glorious Image draw,
Trac'd out from GEORGE, brave EDWARD, and NASSAU.
And lo! th' Ideas in Your Breaſt conſpire,
Raiſe great Deſigns, and ſet Your Soul on Fire.
With eaſy Spring You reach the ſteep Aſcent,
Outſtrip wing'd Time, and eager Wiſh prevent:
Fore-running Fame, the Courſe while now begun,
Proclaims the noble Prize already won.
Nor yet a Maſter in the tuneful Choir,
To You the Trumpet ſwells, or ſtrikes the Lyre:
Can the due Verſe your *Dublin* (*a*) ſtill refuſe?
Or ceas'd, when *Congreve* dy'd, the Courtly Muſe?
Shall Diſcord only through *Parnaſſus* rage,
Bards againſt Bards in Civil War engage?

The Work now labouring, cries the God, forbear,
Arms for the Prince (*b*) let your whole Art prepare.
Paint in a lofty and prophetick Strain,
Through thickeſt Squadrons, and o'er Heaps of Slain,

(*a*) The Univerſity of *Dublin* lately choſe His Royal Highneſs their Chancellor.

(*b*) *Tollite cuncta, inquit, cœptoſque auferte labores,*
- - - - Arma acri facienda viro. VIRG. Æn. Lib. 8. 439.

How FREDERICK's Sabre mowes a purple Way;
Nor Rocks, with Lightning red, his Vengeance ſtay.
Such the dread Scene, this the important Deed,
When You ſhall *Britain*'s Hoſt victorious lead.

By Genius You, not ſlow Experience, wiſe
With piercing Thought ſee through the ſplendid Vice;
The noiſy Blaze of guilty Fame diſdain,
Which proſperous Crimes, and Luſt of Empire gain.
Let *Philip*'s Son *Aſtræa*'s Ballance try,
Swift to the Beam the boaſted Glories fly;
By rapid Whirls of ev'ry Paſſion toſs'd,
The Heroe ſtill is in the Madman loſt.
One World ſubdued too narrow for his Mind,
He raves as ſtrait in Durance cloſe confin'd.

Long has *Bellona* threaten'd horrid War,
And jarring Princes ſummon'd from afar:
Her impious Fury GEORGE's Nod reſtrains;
Fetter'd She lies indignant of His Chains.

Here view Your Sire! mark well his righteous Plan,
And learn the Patience of the Godlike Man.
His People's Intereſt guides his ſteady Aim,
For this He Conqueſt ſhuns, and courting Fame;
Declines the Lawrels hanging o'er his Brow,
And his uplifted Arm ſuſpends the Blow:
By Goodneſs great, and in forgiving brave,
He knows his Foe to calm, and Subjects ſave.

But rous'd, when daring Inſults Heav'n defy,
The Thunderer bids his right-aim'd Lightning fly.
Hurl'd beneath *Ætna* by the vengeful God,
(Says Fame) *Enceladus* (*a*) bears the fiery Load;
And heaving as He turns his weary Sides,
A Night of Smoke the ſhaking Iſland hides.
Be thou inſtructed *Spain*, and timely wiſe,
Veil not an hoſtile Mind with feign'd Diſguiſe.
Before GEORGE ſtrikes, his riſing Breaſt aſſwage,
Nor urge till injur'd Mercy fires to rage.

(*a*) *Fama eſt Enceladi*, &c. Virg.

Once

Once more provok'd the *Britiſh Thunder* roars,
Thy burning Fleets blaze on th' affrighted Shores;
Ships big with Treaſure burſting mount in Air,
Nor what one Day ſhall loſe can *India*'s Mines repair.

Such Glories, FREDERICK, which adorn Your Race,
Shall in Your breathing Marble claim their Place,
And the more laſting Epic Structure grace.
Mean while indulge a Youth's ambitious Lay,
Who raſh attempts Your Praiſe th' *Horatian* Way:
Forgive, though ſtruck without His happy Toil;
The noble Theam my languid Colours ſoil.
Would You the Muſe, the Muſe averſe, inſpire;
If like the Heroe's glow'd the Poet's Fire;
My bright Deſcription ſhould the *Prince* confeſs,
Each ſhining Action clad in Graceful Dreſs;
With ſprightly Senſe ſhould winning Sweetneſs join,
And prove the generous Offspring all divine,
Mighty as GEORGE, Gracious as CAROLINE.

F I N I S.